

August 2019

My Eye and Betty Martin

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "My Eye and Betty Martin" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 365.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/365

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NOTHING.

J. Harkness, Printer, 121 & 122, Church Street ;
Office,—4, North Road Preston.

When rhyming and verses first were in fashion,
And poets and authors indulg'd in their passion,
Select what you might, for the subject was new,
And that's more than our modern scribblers can do,
The ancients have worked upon each thing in nature,
Describ'd its variety, genus and feature,
They have exhausted all fancy can bring,
As nothing is left so of nothing I sing.

This world came of nothing, at least so says history,
Of course about nothing, there is something of mystery
Man came by nothing, and by the same plan,
Woman was made from the rib of a man,
Since then a man thinks nothing of taking,
A woman to join and again his rib making,
As nothing can give so much joy to his life,
So there's nothing so sweet as a good temper'd wife.

Thinking of nothing is some folks enjoyment,
Doing of nothing is many's employment,
The love of this nothing has some folks so strong,
That they say nothing, do nothing all the day long,
Some pass their time nothing beginning,
By nothing loosing, and by nothing winning,
Nothing they buy, and nothing they sell,
Nothing they know, and of nothing they tell.

There is something in nothing exceedingly clever,
Nothing will last out for ever and ever,
Time will make every thing fade away fast,
While nothing for certain will durable last ;
You may talk about anything but its condition,
While nothing for certain can't bear competition,
And so I praise nothing for nothing's my gains.
And nothing I certainly get for my pains.

That this life is nothing is plainer and plainer,
So he that gets nothing is often a gainer,
All about nothing I prove very plain,
Take nothing from nothing there will nothing remain,
And so with this nothing the time I'm out spinning,
Nothing will sometimes set many folks grinning,
But believe me in this there is nothing more true,
Than the author wrote this having nothing to do.



MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN

In Yorkshire I wur born and bred,
And knows a thing or two, sir ;
Nay what be more, my father said,
My wit would bring me through, sir :
At single- stick or kiss the maid,
I wur the boy for sartin,
Says I, push on, to be afraid's
My eye and Betty Martin.

At whoam I'd often heard folks talk,
Of Lunnun's famous city,
And that the stones on which they walk,
Wur paved with gold so pretty ;
To mam and dad I gave a buss,
Says I, I'm off for sartin,
So 'bout my trip to make a fuss,
Is my eye and Betty Martin.

At inn arrived I met a man,
Who offered me his sarvice,
To take his luggage wur his plan,
And help me to a jarvice,
But stop, says I, this wonna do,
Your rigs I knows for sartin,
Your kindness, friend, 'tween me and you's
My eye and Betty Martin.

A lady next, a flashing dame,
I in the Strand did meet sir,
Who said as how it was a sheam,
That I should walk the street, sir !
She talk'd of love and sarvants too,
And thought her prey right sartin,
But noa, says I, to go with you's
My eye and Betty Martin.

I've seen the lions and the tower,
The Circus, Astly's too sir,
The play; and giants strike the hour,
And all that's strange to view, sir—
So back to whoam I'll turn again,
And marry Doll for sartin ;
I please her so, that to complain's
My eye and Betty Martin.